

TV1000 PRESENTS

(Crossing Ziva Intro)

CROSSING ZIVA

TV1000

MAN: I can't hear you-the reception's bad out here. Aliens? I told you baby, I'm done hunting aliens. I am on the road. Yeah, in Florida, yeah. What? No I'm in my hotel room working late. You're just going to have to trust me, babe. Yeah. Well, I'm s- I'm sorry that's the way you feel. A souvenir from Florida. Oh, babe, I can't take a... like, a list right now. Well, there are no pens or pads in this hotel. Oh, my god! Babe! I found one. No, not a pen -- an alien. A real one. Oh, my god, I gotta get a picture of this. What's that?! Baby, there's more of them. I come in peace. I'm Marvin Breckman but you can call me Marvin. Or Marv.

(MAN SCREAMING)

MAN: Oh, my god, oh, my god!

NIGEL: I made reservations at the club. DJ Spider tonight, then back to my place?

ELAINE: I'm not sure if I can wait for tonight.

NIGEL: Okay, I was fine until you just said that.

ELAINE: You know, I have a key to the Egyptian storage room.

NIGEL: Not on campus, not at work.

ELAINE: Come on, are you really as virtuous as you seem?

NIGEL: I can be very bad when the time is right.

(NIGEL AND ELAINE KISS)

NIGEL: We do get a very generous lunch break, and there's a little hotel a few blocks away.

ELAINE: Wow, Mr. Bray.

NIGEL: Dr. Cam, I was just asking Elaine if she could do some 3D modeling of a shattered femur that I was given by the archaeology department.

CAM: Save it, Mr. Bray. You think you have the big secret, but you don't.

ELAINE: I thought we were being subtle.

NIGEL: Oh man, do you think Garret knows?

(NIGEL ELAINE AND CAM LAUGHING)

GARRET: Can you imagine if we found an alien - a real one?

ZIVA: You mean someone who slipped illegally into the country from Mexico or Canada?

GARRET: Come on Ziva, you don't believe that there are other real life-forms out there?

ZIVA: Well, the probability is very high but any aliens visiting this planet would have sufficient intelligence not to die in the middle of the desert.

GARRET: Hey. FBI Special Agent Seeley Garret. This here is Dr. Temperance Ziva from the Jeffersonian.

WOODY: Sheriff Jerry Bonds. But you probably got that from my shiny badge, my imposing g*n and my big hat.

GARRET: Yeah, right.

WOODY: Remains are right over there.

GARRET: Looks like an alien to me.

ZIVA: Judging by the pelvic inlet and the pubic symphysis-female, maybe 30 years old.

GARRET: Earth female?

ZIVA: Yes. Body moisture was trapped by this silver coat she's wearing, turning some of her fat into adipocere. I have no idea why it's so hard.

WOODY: Didn't even dig a shallow grave. Just left her here to be eaten.

ZIVA: Which is the smartest possible way to get rid of human remains.

BUG: What the hell is going on here now?

GARRET: Oh, easy, FBI. Put the g*n down, ma'am.

BUG: This is my land. I've got a right to protect my land.

WOODY: Yeah, uh huh, Marsha, but we got a d*ad body. A woman, seems like.

BUG: Great. Now I've got d*ad people.

GARRET: You don't know anything about this?

BUG: Nope.

ZIVA: I want the remains brought back to the Jeffersonian for examination.

WOODY: Nuh uh, not gonna happen. My jurisdiction, my body. She stays here.

GARRET: No, FBI has got jurisdiction on this case. You want it, right?

ZIVA: Mm-hmm.

GARRET: The FBI will keep you apprised.

WOODY: Nuh-uh, FBI's got jurisdiction only if I agree. Otherwise, you need to jump through several legal hoops, which will take some time, during which time the victim stays in town.

ZIVA: Then why did you call us?

WOODY: I could use the help, but I'm not going to take the heat when people scream I sent an alien off to Washington for secret testing.

(WOODY LAUGHING)

WOODY: I've been through that before.

ZIVA: These remains are not extraterrestrial.

(Victim's cell phone rings: Crossing Ziva theme song.)

ZIVA: It's a cell phone.

GARRET: You hope.